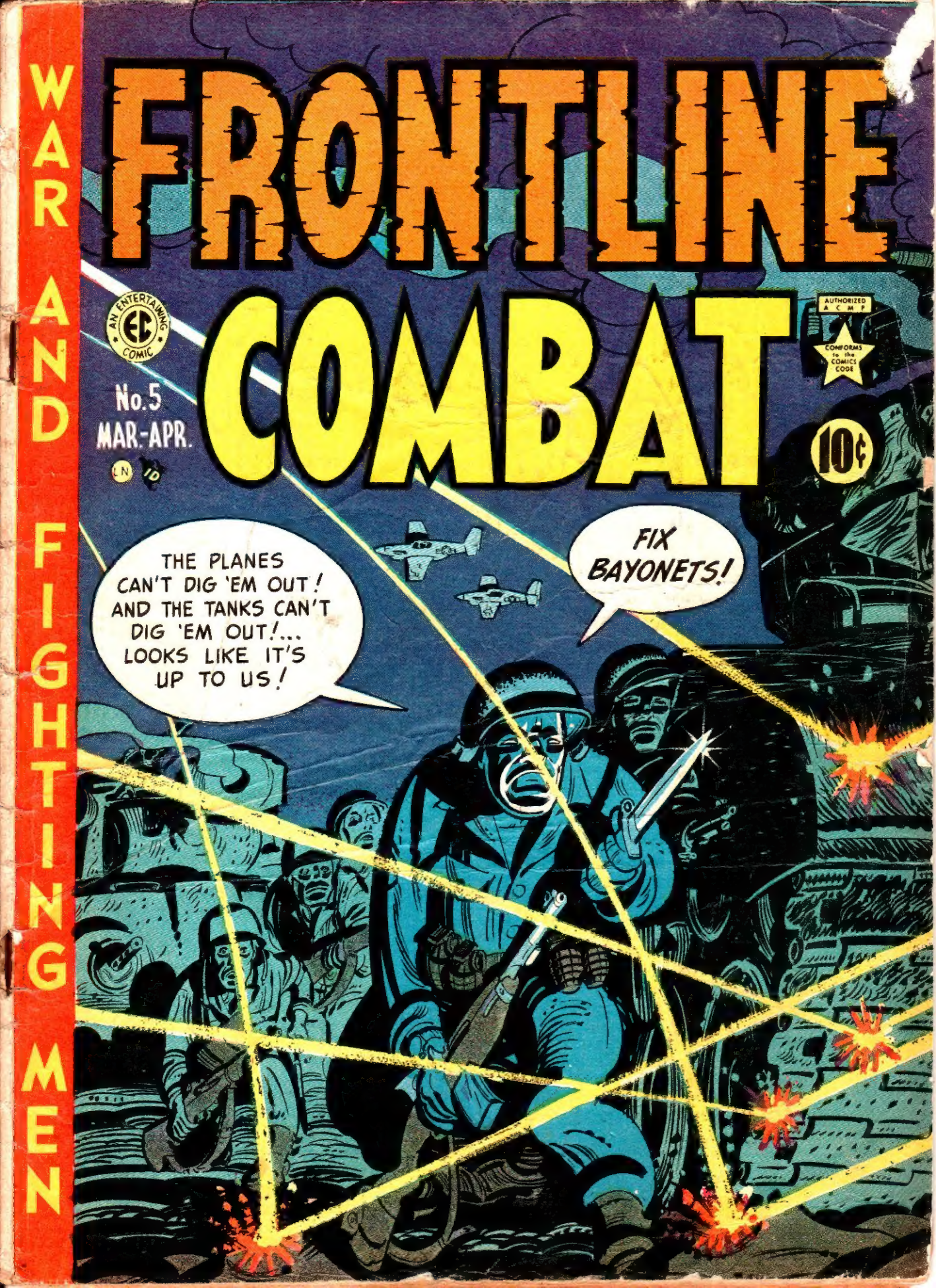
WAR AND FIGHTING MEN
FRONTLINE COMBAT
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
No. 5
MAR.-APR.
AUTHORIZED A C M P
CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE
10¢
THE PLANES CAN'T DIG 'EM OUT! AND THE TANKS CAN'T DIG 'EM OUT!... LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO US!
FIX BAYONETS!

THE EC ARTISTS OF THE ISSUE • SEVERIN & ELDER

Bill Johnny

Johnny Severin . . . the "penciling" half of the Severin and Elder team . . . was born on Christmas night, 1921, the newest member of an artistically talented family! At the age of one, he became interested in art by daubing large blobs of paint on his father's canvasses . . . his mother was proud, his father couldn't be quoted! While attending the High School of Music and Art in N.Y.C., Johnny met Bill Elder . . . who was to become his present collaborator! After high school, Johnny spent a year as an apprentice machinist. Came the war and he enlisted in the army. He requested the cavalry, was sent to the Air Corps, transferred to airborne infantry, and ended up an engineer overseas as crew chief of a half-track! Johnny saw action in Okinawa, Eniwetok, Guam, Kwajalein, and Saipan! After his discharge, Johnny entered art school under the G.I. Bill. However, when Johnny found there was a crying need for good comic artists, he looked up his old pal, Bill Elder! They teamed up and proceeded to knock the industry dead! Johnny's hobbies include folk songs and Americana, anthropology, and costumes!

Bill Elder . . . the "inking" half . . . was born in the Bronx, N.Y., in 1922. His boyhood days consisted of romping through vacant city lots armed with slingshot, bee-bee gun, and practical jokes After attending elementary and high schools in N.Y.C., Bill entered The Academy of Design, where he studied life drawing and rendering until Uncle Sam beckoned in 1942. Bill served 3½ years in the Corps of Engineers, of which two years were spent in action overseas. He went into France on D-day plus 6, moved up through the infamous hedgerows, was among the troops that liberated Paris, fought in the Battle of the Bulge, was a member of the shock troops that stormed Cologne, and was among the first American troops to cross the Rhine After returning to civilian life, he started doing commercial and advertising art. About a year later, he teamed up with Johnny and began his comic work. In due time, Bill fell prey to soft and limpid eyes and married a lovely lass from New Jersey named Jean. The Elders presently reside in New Jersey Bill's hobbies include classical music, photography, and travel!

Johnny and Bill joined E.C about a year ago, and their work appears in each issue of Frontline Combat and Two-Fisted Tales. The realism that they put into their stories is, as you can see from their above brief histories, a product of their experiences!

The following is a complete list of EC titles, all of which bear the Code-Seal of The Association of Comics Magazine Publishers

• TALES FROM THE CRYPT

• TWO-FISTED TALES

• THE HAUNT OF FEAR

• THE VAULT OF HORROR

• WEIRD SCIENCE

• WEIRD FANTASY

• FRONTLINE COMBAT

• CRIME Suspenstories

Frontline Combat, Mar.-Apr., 1952—Vol. 1, No. 5. Published Bi-Monthly by Tiny Tot Comics, Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 75c. Elsewhere $1.50.
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Ontology

IT WAS IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER AND IN THE YEAR 1944! THE ALLIES WERE DIGGING OUT A LINE OF GERMANS SOLIDLY ENTRENCHED AT THE FOOT OF THE FRENCH VOSGES MOUNTAINS! SURE, THERE WERE ALL KINDS OF OUTFITS WITH THE ALLIES... BUT JUST FOR THE RECORD LET'S TALK ABOUT THE...

442ND COMBAT TEAM

SEVERIN AND ELDER

THEY'RE NOT SHOOTING AT THE MEDIC!
LOOK! OVER THERE! A KRAUT MEDIC!
HI! UNITED STATES SOLDIERS! DON'T SHOOT! I'M COMING TO HELP!
I HAVE BANDAGES FOR YOUR WOUNDED MEN! CAN I... OH!
WHY YOU AREN'T...
YOU AREN'T UNITED STATES SOLDIERS AT ALL! YOU'RE JAPANESE, AREN'T YOU?
WELL, LISTEN! ACTUALLY, I CAME TO ASK YOU TO SURRENDER! COME! JOIN YOUR REAL ALLIES! WHY ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR THE UNITED STATES? THE GERMANS ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE JAPANESE!
LOOK... UP ABOVE ON THE HILL! I HAVE A MACHINE GUN UP THERE, AND THE REST OF MY MEN ARE BEHIND ME!
YOU ARE IN A CROSSFIRE.. SURROUNDED! SURRENDER! WE WILL GIVE YOU BETTER TREATMENT THAN THEY GIVE YOU AT HOME! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I SAY, GO TAKE A FLYING FLOP IN THE RHINE! COME ON, HARRY! LET'S GET THESE GUYS BACK TO THE BUNKER!
2

GEE! LOOKIT HIM GO MARCHING BACK! THINK HE'S MAD?
BRAT-TAT POW
PONG
POW
POW
PING
PING
SPANG
SWANG
HE'S MAD ALL RIGHT! WHAT'LL WE DO, SERGEANT HAYASHI?
WELL! RELIEF IS DUE ANY MINUTE! BUT WE CAN'T WAIT!
THEY'RE PROBABLY A PATROL OUT TO GET PRISONERS! NOW, THEY'VE GOT A MACHINE GUN ABOVE US, AND AHEAD OF US! BEHIND US IS A STREAM THAT WINDS AROUND THE HILL! NOW, IF A MAN COULD SNEAK TO THE STREAM AND WORK HIS WAY TO THE BACK OF THE HILL, AND GRAB OFF THE MACHINE GUN, WE'D BE ALL SET!
BUT THAT MACHINE GUN CAN PICK OFF ANYTHING THAT MOVES! SO WE'VE GOT TO CREATE A DIVERSION! NOW, I'LL RUN OUT BETWEEN THE TREES AND DRAW THEIR FIRE FOR A MOMENT!
SPLAT
SPAT
THAT SHOULD GIVE YOU TWO TIME TO REACH THE STREAM! WHEN YOU TAKE THE HILL, FIRE THREE TRIPLE BURSTS ON THE MACHINE GUN AS A SIGNAL, AND THE REST OF US WILL SECRETLY JOIN YOU ON THE HILL!
3

ONCE YOU GET THAT HILL, THE GERMANS WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL WHERE WE ARE! NOW REMEMBER THE SIGNAL! HERE I...
...GO!
POW
POW
POW
KRAK
BRRRRP
BRATAT
BRAT
DIE IDIOTEN! WHY DON'T THEY JUST GIVE UP UND MACHEN SCHLUSS DAMIT!
NATÜRLICH... IF THEY WANT TO GO THIS WAY, MIR IST ES RECHT!
4

WHY DO THOSE IDIOTS ON THE HILL KEEP FIRING? DUMMKÖPFE! WASTE OF AMMUNITION!
YOU! JAPANESE SOLDIERS! I GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE! QUIT FIGHTING THE ALLIES OF YOUR FATHERLAND!
NO ANSWER, HERR LEUTNANT!
I HAVE NO MORE PATIENCE! UNTER OFFIZIER! WE WILL GIVE THEM A TASTE OF SOME RIFLE GRENADES!
POW
KRUMP!
SCHNELL! LET US CHARGE THE BUNKER! WE MAY STILL CAPTURE SOME OF THEM IF THE GRENADE DIDN'T KILL THEM ALL!
5

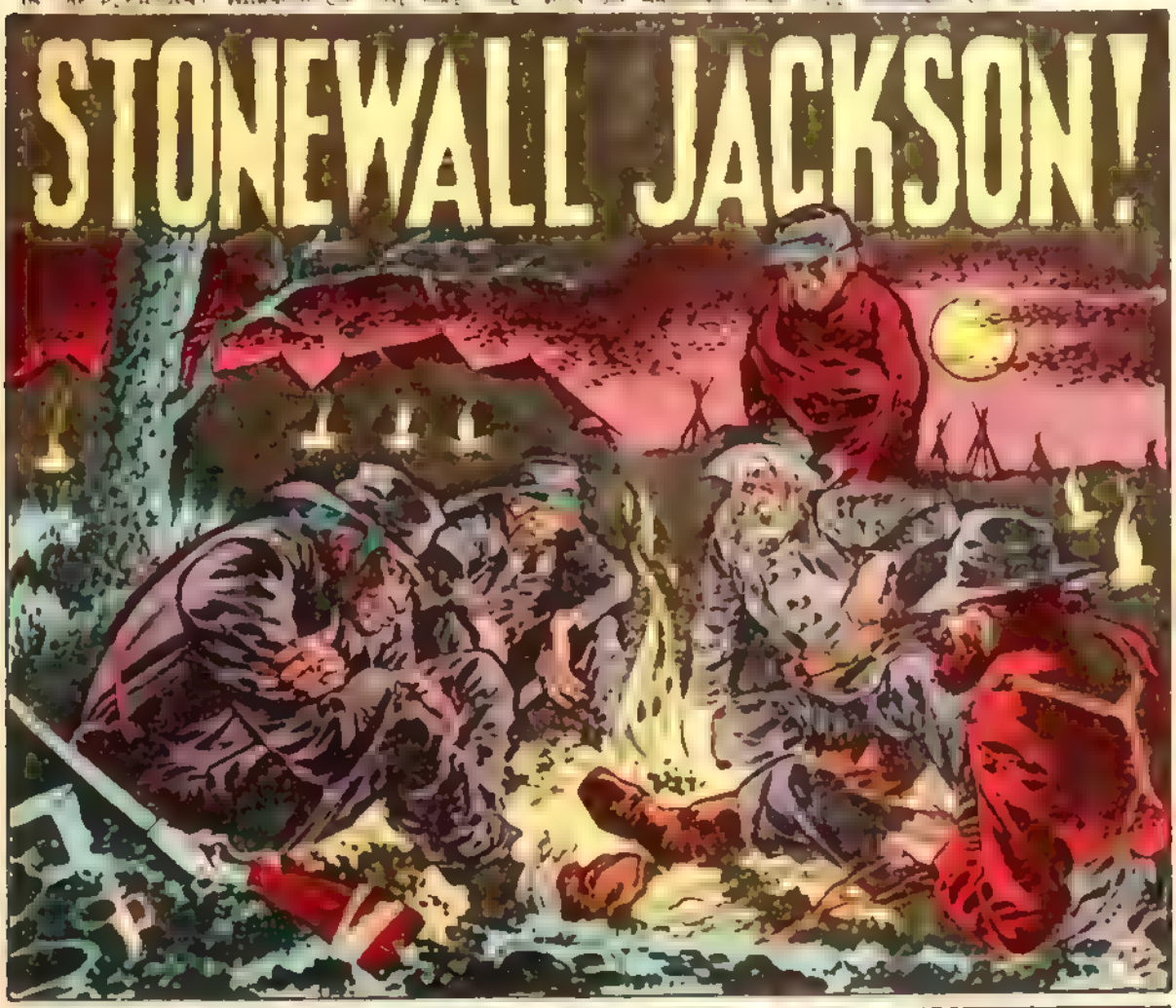
HELLO IN THERE! IS ANYONE ALIVE? COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
COME, COME! WE DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU! THE JAPANESE AND GERMANS ARE FRIENDS! WHY DO YOU RESIST US?
REMEMBER YOUR ANCESTRY! IN THE UNITED STATES, YOU ARE TREATED LIKE PIGS! WHAT HAVE YOU TO FIGHT FOR?
IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS, THE UNITED STATES SOLDIERS ARE KILLING THOUSANDS OF YOUR RACE! YOUR BRETHREN! I ASK YOU ONCE MORE TO SURRENDER!
VERY WELL, THEN, TRAITORS... TRAITORS TO YOUR ANCESTORS, TO YOUR FATHERLAND! IF YOU WON'T COME OUT...
...THEN DIE!
WUMP!
FIRE!

POW POW POW POW!
BRAM BRAM BRRAM BRRAM!
KRAK KRAK
KRAK KRAK
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BRATTATTAT BRAT
BRRRRRRRRP
7

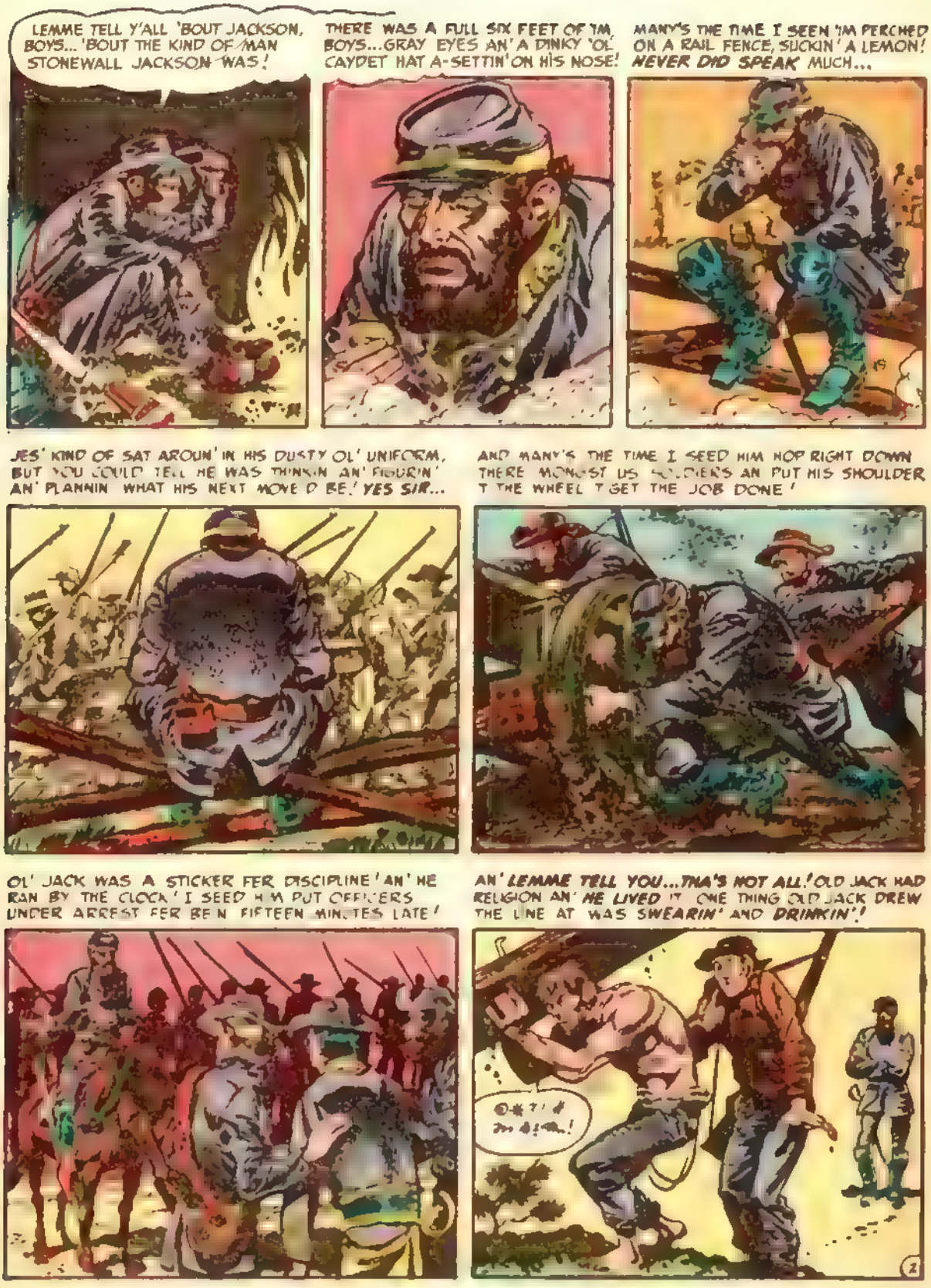
HEY, LOOK, FELLAS! HERE COMES THE TANKS!
NOW THEY COME!
WAVE 'EM ON! WAVE 'EM ON! THEY CAN STILL CATCH WHAT'S LEFT OF THAT GERMAN PATROL!
JUST A MINUTE AGO, THIS NAZI WAS SURE MAKING A LOT OF NOISE!
HE WANTED TO TAKE US PRISONERS REAL BAD!
YEAH! THERE WASN'T A TRICK HE DIDN'T FORGET TO PULL!
THERE WAS ONE THING HE FORGOT!
WHAT WAS THAT, JOHN?
HE FORGOT... WE'RE AMERICANS!
8
THE AMERICANS OF JAPANESE DESCENT IN THE 442ND REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM MADE A GOOD SHOWING FOR THEMSELVES IN EUROPE, WINNING 3,915 INDIVIDUAL AWARDS, 10 UNIT CITATIONS AND 3600 PURPLE HEARTS!
...AMERICANISM IS A MATTER OF THE MIND AND HEART; AMERICANISM IS NOT AND NEVER WAS A MATTER OF RACE OR ANCESTRY. A GOOD AMERICAN IS ONE WHO HAS BEEN LOYAL TO THIS COUNTRY AND TO OUR CREED OF LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY...
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT 1943

IT IS 1864! THE DAY IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE AND SO IS THE GREAT CIVIL WAR! IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH, THE CAMPFIRES OF GENERAL EARLY'S CONFEDERATE ARMY ARE TWINKLING, AND, IN THE PLEASANT WARMTH OF THE FIRE THE MEN SIT AROUND AND TELL STORIES OF—

STONEWALL JACKSON!



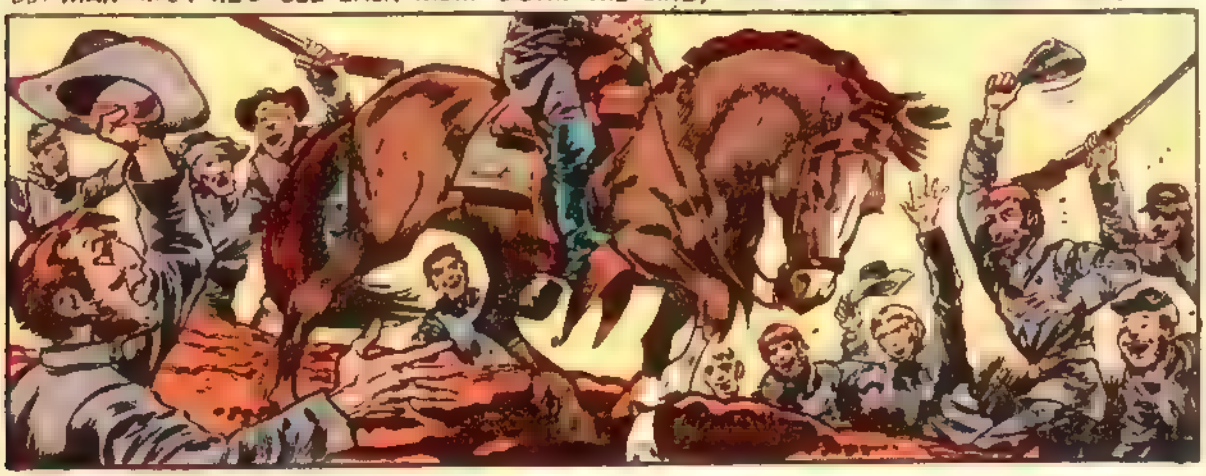
YEP!.. SERVED IN THE ORIGINAL STONEWALL BRIGADE! I DONE SEEN ACTION WITH OLD JACK F'UM BULL-RUN, RIGHT THROUGH TO CHANCELLORSVILLE... AN' I TELL YOU...


LEMME TELL Y'ALL 'BOUT JACKSON, BOYS... 'BOUT THE KIND OF MAN STONEWALL JACKSON WAS!
THERE WAS A FULL SIX FEET OF 'IM, BOYS...GRAY EYES AN' A DINKY 'OL' CAYDET HAT A-SETTIN' ON HIS NOSE!
MANY'S THE TIME I SEEN 'IM PERCHED ON A RAIL FENCE, SUCKIN' A LEMON! NEVER DID SPEAK MUCH...
JES' KIND OF SAT AROUN' IN HIS DUSTY OL' UNIFORM, BUT YOU COULD TELL HE WAS THINKIN AN' FIGURIN' AN' PLANNIN WHAT HIS NEXT MOVE D BE! YES SIR...
AND MANY'S THE TIME I SEED HIM HOP RIGHT DOWN THERE MONGST US SOLDIERS AN PUT HIS SHOULDER T THE WHEEL T GET THE JOB DONE!
OL' JACK WAS A STICKER FER DISCIPLINE! AN' HE RAN BY THE CLOCK! I SEED HIM PUT OFFICERS UNDER ARREST FER BEIN FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE!
AN' LEMME TELL YOU...THA'S NOT ALL! OLD JACK HAD RELIGION AN' HE LIVED IT ONE THING OLD JACK DREW THE LINE AT WAS SWEARIN' AND DRINKIN'!
2

BUT SHORT O' GOD, OL' JACK DIDN'T FEAR *MAN NER BEAST!* IF YOU WANTED TO FIND OL' JACK, YOU'D HAVE TO GO *RIGHT UP TO THE FRONT!*

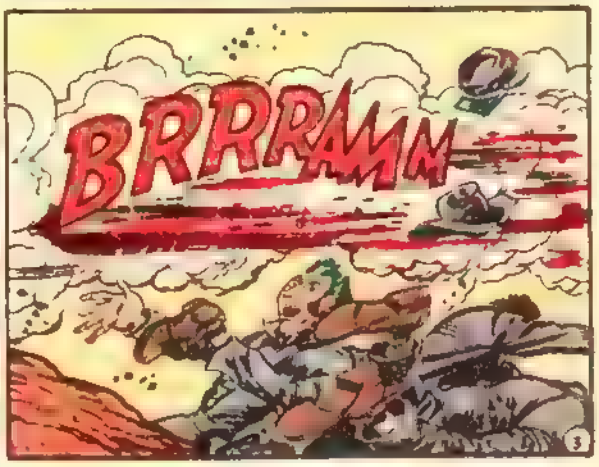
'CAUSE *THAT'S WHERE OL' JACK* WAS. A-RIDIN ROUN' ON A BIG, BONEY SORREL HORSE SIZIN' UP THE SITUATION FER HISSELF AN' CHECKING EVERY INCH O' LAND!

AND WE ALL *LOVED* THAT OL' BOY, 'CAUSE WE KNEW HE WAS LOOKIN OUT FOR US! HE WUHN'T THE FANCIEST RIDER IN TOWN AN HE D'DN T HAVE ANY SPANGLES ER INSIGNIA ON HIS MUSSY OL' UNIFORM, BUT *MAN* WHEN *WE'D SEE JACK RIDIN' DOWN THE LINE,* WE'D GIVE 'IM A *BIG REBEL YELL!*



WE WUHN'T SUPPOSED T' YELL, BUT WE COULDN'T HELP OUAHSELVES... AN' OL' JACK'D TAKE OFF HIS CAP, WAVE IT AROUN HIS HAID AND *TEAR OUTTA THERE...*

'CAUSE WHEN THE UNION ARMY'D HEAH US YELLIN', THEY'D START BANGING AWAY... 'CAUSE THEY KNEW BY THE CHEERIN' *STONEWALL JACKSON* WAS *COMIN' THROUGH!*



BUT LEMME TELL YOU HOW HE FOUGHT, BOYS! LEMME TELL YOU WHY THEY CALLED US THE FOOT CAVALRY!

OL' JACK MADE US MARCH...FIFTEEN, SOMETIMES TWENNY MILES IN A DAY! OH, MAN, WE MARCHED!

HE'D MOVE ALONG THE COLUMN TELLIN' US, 'PRESS ON, MEN, PRESS ON!' BUT HE'D ALLUS TAKE CARE TO REST US!

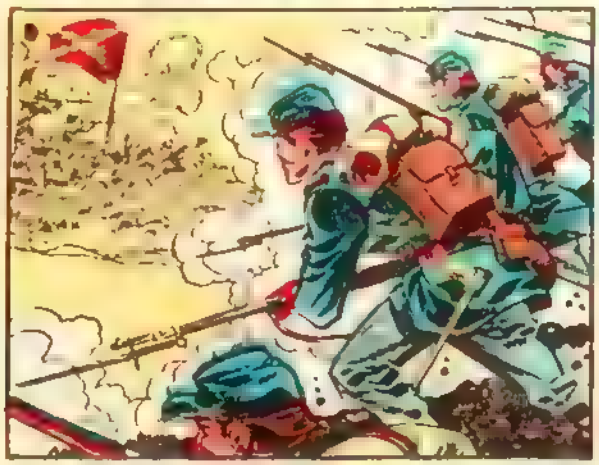
AN' THAT'S THE WAY WE MADE OUR QUICK MARCHES, A-RUNNIN' UP AN DOWN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY LIKE A DANG BUNCH OF CAVALRY, DRIVIN' THE FEDS CRAZY!

LIKE AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS WE'D BEEN MARCHIN TO BULL RUN FER TWENNY ROUGH MILES WHEN WE CAME INTO THE LINE MAN WE WERE TIRED!

WE ALL FELL DOWN RIGHT THEN AND THEAH, WHEAH WE WERE HALTED, AN' WENT TA SLEEP! WELL... AN' HERE'S THE WAY I HEARD IT FUM ANOTHER...

SOME BUTTERMILK RANGER OFFICER REPORTS TO JACKSON THAT PICKETS HAVEN'T BEEN POSTED, AN' OL' JACK SAYS, 'LET THE POOR FELLOWS SLEEP! I'LL GUARD CAMP MYSELF!'

.. YOU JES' **GOT** TO FIGHT FER A MAN LIKE **THAT!** WELL, COME THE BATTLE O' BULL RUN THE FEDS WERE CHARGIN US AN THINGS LOOKED PRETTY BAD!



GENERAL BEE'S BRIGADE WAS BEGINNING TO CRUMBLE WHEN **ALONG COMES** THE **STONEWALL BRIGADE** WITH **JACKSON HISSELF** IN THE LEAD!

ONLY WE WEREN'T CALLED THE STONEWALL BRIGADE **THEN!** 'TWEREN'T TILL GENERAL BEE YELLED **'THERE STANDS JACKSON LAK A STONE WALL!'**

'TWEREN'T TILL THEN AN' **SURE ENOUGH,** OL' JACK WAS STANDIN **LIKE** A STONE WALL, CHEERIN US ON, HOLDIN THE YANKEES BACK! WELL.. NEED I TELL YOU...

ARE LINCOLN'S BOYS WHO'D COME A HOOPIN' AN' A-HOLLERIN' DOWN FROM WASHINGTON D.C., WENT **SKEEDADDLIN'** BACK! THEY'D BEEN SO SURE OF A VICTORY THEY'D BROUGHT CHAMPAGNE AND CONGRESSMEN AND WOMEN FOLK TO WATCH THE SHOW **OH, DID WE SEND THE WHOLE SHOOTIN' MATCH SKEEDADDLIN'!**

NOW LEMME TELL YOU HOW OL' JACK DIED, BOYS 'CAUSE I'M THE ONE TO KNOW!

WE WERE MARCHING ON CHANCELLORSVILLE 'OL JACK AS USUAL, WAS UP FRONT RECONNOITERIN'!

FOR SOME REASON, WE DIDN'T HAVE OUAN PICKETS OUT AND OL JACK CAME RIDIN' UP TO OUR LINES IN THE DARK!

FIRING HAD BROKEN OUT TO THE RIGHT, AN' WE WERE NERVOUS! SO WHEN THIS BUNCH OF HORSES COME AT US FROM OUT OF THE DARK WE JUST *LET 'EM HAVE IT!*

PAM BAM BOW

OL' STONEWALL GOT IT! ONE MUSKET BALL HIT, HIM IN HIS RIGHT HAND!

A SECOND ONE HIT HIM IN THE LEFT ARM LACERATIN' HIM *BAD!*

...THIRD SHOT BROKE HIS LEFT ARM RIGHT B'LOW THE SHOULDER! *MAN...*

...IT WAS ALL HE COULD DO TO TURN THAT HORSE OUTTA THE WOODS!

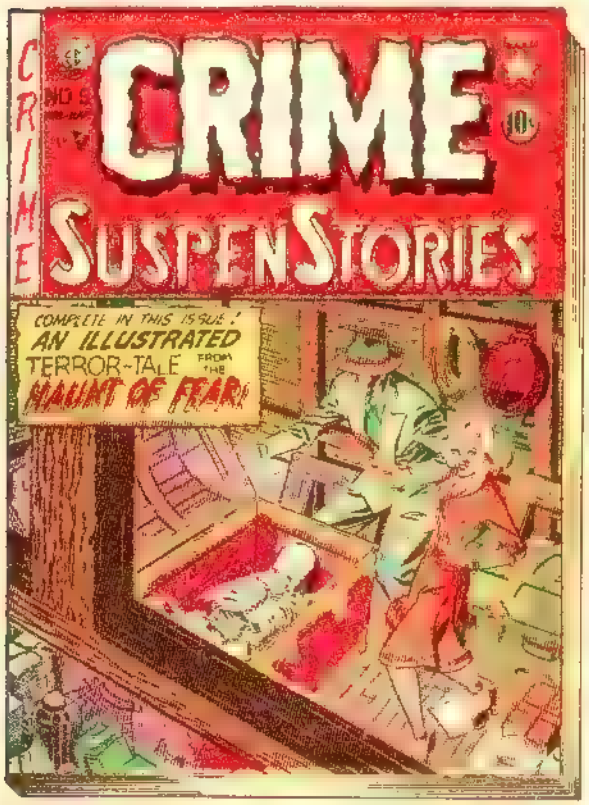
POW

PAM

WHEN THEY GOT TO 'IM, HE WAS STILL SET IN THE SADDLE AN' FAINTIN', SO THEY LIFTED HIM DOWN AND SET HIM BY THE TURNPIKE!
THE FEDS WERE SHOOTIN' GRAPE SHOT AT US BY NOW... AND ONLY A HANDFUL OF JACKSON'S AIDES STUCK WITH HIM! THE REST TOOK COVER!
WELL... OL' STONEWALL JACKSON DIDN'T LAST VERY LONG! FIRST, THEY HAD TO AMPUTATE HIS LEFT AHM! AN' THEN PNEUMONIA SET IN!
AT 8 O'CLOCK, ON THE 10TH OF MAY, 1863... A SUNDAY..OL' JACK PASSED AWAY... REST HIS SOUL! AN' I THINK HE WANTED TO DIE ON SUNDAY!
FUNNY... BEING SHOT BY HIS OWN MEN... THE ONES WHO LOVED HIM THE BEST.' SHOT BY A CONFEDERATE PERRY BREECH LOADING CARBINE WITH A BUSTED STOCK!
AN' I'M THE ONE TO KNOW! (SIGH) 'NOUGH LOLLYGAGGING FOAH TONIGHT! THINK I'LL GO UP TO THE COOK TENT AN' SEE IF THEY'VE GOT ANY MORE HOT SOUP!
HEY! LOOKY HERE, JESSE! LOOKIT OLD FITZ'S RIFLE!
YEAH! A PERRY CARBINE!
.. WITH A BUSTED STOCK!
7

SUSPENSTORY FANS!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST.. *READ:*



AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ANOTHER "NEW TREND" SURE-FIRE WINNER!

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

It was December 15, 1773! Ron Aston leaned against the bar in Colin Dawkins grogshop on the Boston waterfront. As he drank his ale, the pleasant, red-headed taproom keeper bent towards him to impart secret information. Few people knew that the cheerful Dawkins was a militant member of the Sons of Liberty... the society plotting revolt against King George of England!

At the end of the bar, a group of carousing American seamen struck up a lively sea chantey.

Oh! Once I had a TURKISH girl... but she was fat and lazy!

Haul away Joe! Haul away Joe!

The Sons of Liberty had formed in protest to the Stamp Act by Parliament to derive revenue from the colonies on goods such as glass, paper, and tea. The colonists indignantly refused to pay those taxes! They prevented the newly arrived British merchant ships from discharging their cargoes. Dawkins whispered about plans to board the British ships the next evening, December 16, and dump all the tea into the harbor. The Sons of Liberty would dress like Indians. Aston could be counted on to do his share of pouring at this tea party!!

Oh! Then I got a SPANISH girl... she nearly drove me crazy!

Haul away Joe! Haul away Joe!

Dawkins moved to another part of the bar to serve some British tars who had just entered the taproom. Aston could hardly restrain his smug satisfaction. That fool of a barkeep did not suspect that beneath the American seaman's garb was a master spy of

the Crown! Aston's disguise was perfect! At the special request of King George, he had come to America two years ago. He had been carefully trained and prepared for this mission! He carried forged credentials and even a bogus birth certificate stating that he had been born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts! It had been simple to find a berth as an American seaman. He became friendly with all the sailors, waterfront characters, Colin Dawkins ... and even a silversmith named Paul Revere! All traces of his English breeding were gone. He picked up the exaggerated Bostonian accent in the bargain!

Aston left the taproom after reassuring Colin that he would show up the next night. He strolled down the dark quay cockily. He would alert the British about the planned "Indian" raid! Suddenly, a figure detached itself from the blackness and struck him on the head!!

When Aston regained consciousness, he knew he had been dry keel-hauled ... shanghaied! A British mate told him that he was aboard the H.M.S. London Queen, bound for England. Scurvy had broken out among the crew so they took to impressing American seamen

Aston protested that he was *not* an American but a British spy. The papers on his person stated otherwise! He was an American ... born in Pittsfield! As the mate locked the iron door of the brig, he peered tauntingly through the bars at the imprisoned Aston.

"If you're an Englishman, I'm the King hisself! Ha! Ha!" The mate's laughter echoed throughout the companionway!

The next evening, Dawkins waited for Aston to arrive and don war paint and Indian garb In a back room of the ale-house, some Indians were singing.

Oh! Now I've got a YANKEE girl ... and she is such a DAISY!

Haul away Joe! Haul away Joe!

Aston never came!

144 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

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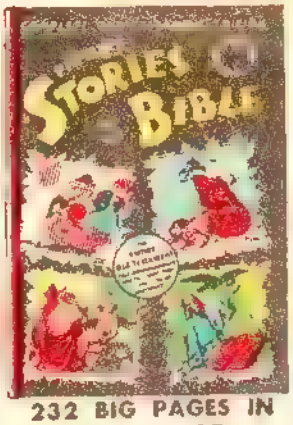

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FRONT LINES

Well, here it is! The letter page you readers have been asking for... and it'll be a permanent feature from here on in! Now... there have been so many terrific letters commenting on the last four issues of FRONTLINE COMBAT that it would be impossible to begin to publish them all on this one small page, so we decided to make a general comment concerning most of them... and to print just one outstanding letter! First of all... to the Marine Corps... WE APOLOGIZE! No sooner did issue No. 1 of FRONTLINE COMBAT, with the story *MARINES RETREAT*, hit the stands than a rush of mail arrived from angry Marines informing us that the Marines did not retreat from the Changjin Reservoir... they merely withdrew strategically! Watch FRONTLINE COMBAT for a further firsthand account of the battle of the Changjin Reservoir! And thank you, Marines, for your criticism! Also, thanks to you soldiers who wrote in comments from all over the world, and to you Air Force and Navy men, too. And while we're mentioning the men in uniform, thanks to you Boy Scouts who wrote us... also to you readers who sent us drawings, story suggestions, criticisms, comments, and subscriptions! Thank you one and all!

And now the letter...

Dear Editors,

After reading Frontline Combat, I saw your final column asking us to write and tell how we readers enjoyed your book. I'm taking up your offer! I'm a truthful person when I give an opinion on something So truthfully now, I'd tell you I DON'T like your book at all. It's far too gruesome to help anyone's morale—man, woman, or child! Personally I feel there's enough trouble in the world without your printing such hateful stuff. I know you editors are years older than I, and surely you can see the harm these books are doing to the younger folks today. When you were growing up, your funnies were Sunday papers only, and on the real funny side You sat and laughed over Felix the Cat, Happy Hooligan, Slim Jim, and many others. Those were GOOD funnies, but that type is hardly seen these days. Wars, strikes, high prices, shortages, etc keep ALL of us on the gloomy side, except those who have money and don't give a hoot about making more millions—by fair means or foul! To brighten our outlook on life, we should read pleasant things When anyone takes up a funny book, it's to dispel our gloom by looking at something on the gayer side of this trying life I realize that many of your readers are adults, but won't you please think of the younger generation when you print funny books. Perhaps YOUR minds can take those gruesome picture stories you print, but a good many people need a cheerful tonic of joy to help them. Hoping you will discard your present "funny" books and print far better ones, I am sincerely

(Miss) Margaret M. Credie
Moosup, Conn.

We think Miss Credie's letter is a thoughtful one and we feel we owe her an answer. We respect Miss Credie's opinions, but in the main we disagree with them. First, she suggests that the public wants and needs gay light things to brighten this gloomy world. Granted! There certainly is a definite need for humor in the world today BUT THERE IS A NEED FOR MANY OTHER THINGS, AS WELL! There is a need for people to realize the utter horror and futility of war. And this we try to sock to our readers in FRONTLINE COMBAT. Our mags are called "comic" books! But we are no more bound to be comical than a shoe-tree is bound to grow leaves! Our business is entertainment. Our readers must enjoy our product... much like movies, radio and television. But we in no way owe allegiance to humor!

A second point! Miss Credie implies that we are out to make money... by fair means or foul, and this really hurts! We agree that many people DO try to make money anyway they can! In our own industry, some publishers place a good story in the front of their mags and pad the rest with junk. Some companies hire young untrained artists right out of high school so that art-work can be bought cheaply. Some companies produce imitations of mags that are selling well... thereby fooling the reader into buying a poor copy of a successful seller. Some companies run eight or ten paid ads, thus uping their income and cutting down on their expenses for art and script. Some companies... MOST COMPANIES... are interested in only one tiny part of their reader—and that part is the pocket where the reader keeps his shiny little dime! Compare our mags, Miss Credie... and if we are still foul, then fair is heaven that we can only reach by dying!

Our third and final point of disagreement is Miss Credie's statement that we are harming American youth! We regard ourselves as servants of youth. We watch our readers carefully, always trying to draw and write the things they get a big bang out of When we find what they like, we try to serve it to them as responsibly as we possibly know how. We're not trying to shape their minds or to pervert the mentality of the U.S., but we get satisfaction from the knowledge that our readers enjoy our mags, and in hoping that we might have passed along some ideas for them to ponder over! We're human, living, breathing people just like yourself, Miss Credie, and we have consciences. If we are harming you, we are doing it in an exceedingly subtle way... a way so subtle, in fact, that it is quite invisible to us! We've spoken our piece... now we want you other readers to speak yours! Won't you write and let us know what YOU think? Address letters to:

THE EDITORS
Frontline Combat
Room 706, Dept. 5
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

A LINE OF MACHINES WOUND THEIR WAY UP A MOUNTAIN — CREPT UP THE MOUNTAIN MUCH THE SAME AS SUNDAY TRAFFIC ON A WARM SUMMER'S WEEKEND IN THE U.S.A.! BUT THIS WAS *NOT* THE SAME! THIS WAS *NOT* THE U.S.A. — THIS WAS *KOREA*! AND THIS WAS *NOT* SUNDAY TRAFFIC... THESE WERE...

WAR MACHINES!

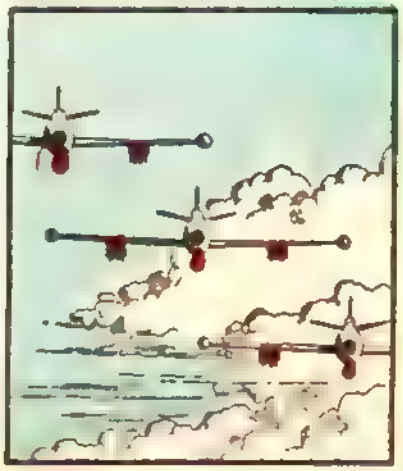
THE BURNING MACHINE UP AHEAD DIDN'T HAVE A SUNDAY TRAFFIC ACCIDENT! IT WAS *BLASTED* BY *CANNON*!

THE MOUNTAIN WASN'T A PICTURE POSTCARD MOUNTAIN! IT WAS *PITTED* WITH *UGLY CAVES*!

THE CAVES DIDN'T LEAD TO SCENIC WONDERLANDS EITHER! THEY JUST LED TO STUBBORN *MEN* AND *GUNS*!

AND SO THE MACHINES GOT TO WORK TO DIG THE MEN OUT OF THE CAVES! FIRST CAME THE PLANES!

THUNDERJETS ... THEY CAME OVER, FASTER THAN SOUND.. CAME OVER STACKED IN RIGHT ECHELON!

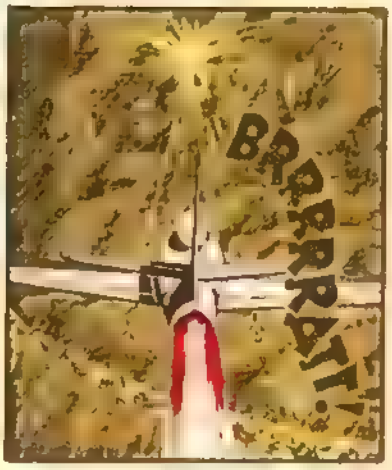


.. THEY CIRCLED .. GETTING RADIO INSTRUCTIONS ... AND THEN ONE BY ONE THEY PEELED OFF!

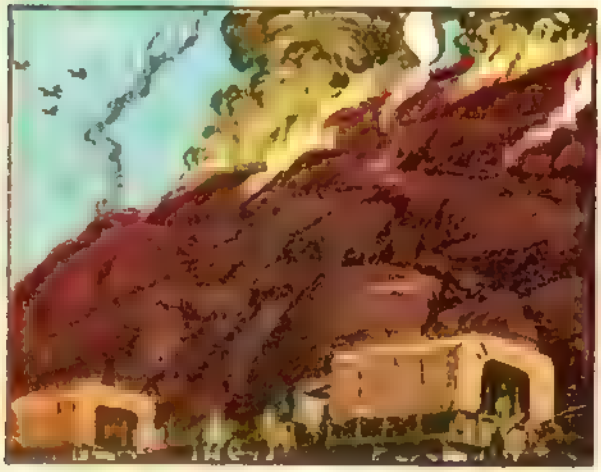
THEN THEY LET GO SALVOS OF ***SCREAMING FIVE INCH ROCKETS*** CLUSTERED BENEATH THE WINGS!

THEN THEY LET GO THE ***NAPALM BOMBS*** SEARING THE MOUNTAIN WITH BLOTS OF FLAMING GASOLINE!

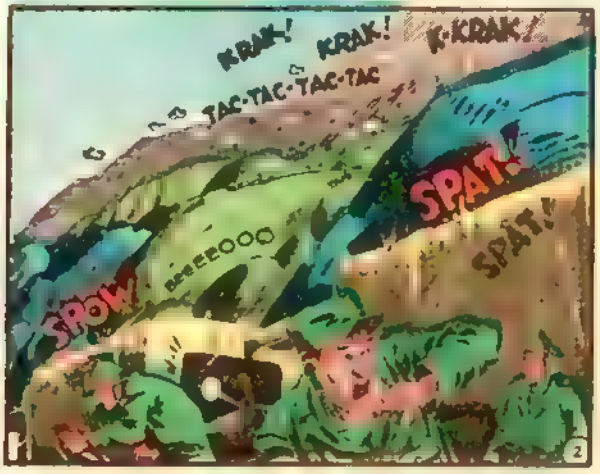
THEN THEY RAKED THE MOUNTAINSIDE WITH THEIR SETS OF SIX ***FIFTY-CALIBER MACHINE GUNS!***



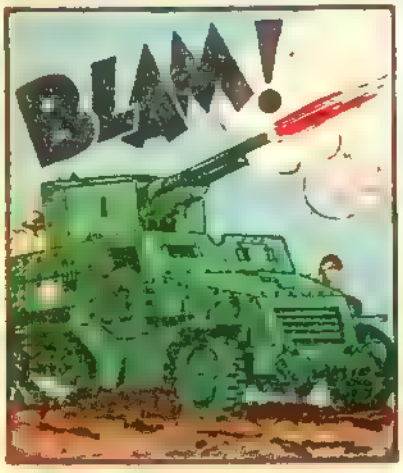
AND WHEN THE JETS LEFT, THEY LEFT A MOUNTAIN, COVERED WITH FIRE, COVERED WITH SMOKE, AND COVERED WITH A THOUSAND STEEL SPLINTERS!



AND WHEN THE JETS LEFT, THE MEN WHO'D CRAWLED BACK DEEP INTO THE BOWELS OF THEIR CAVES... CRAWLED BACK OUT WITH THEIR GUNS ***FIRING DEFIANTLY!***

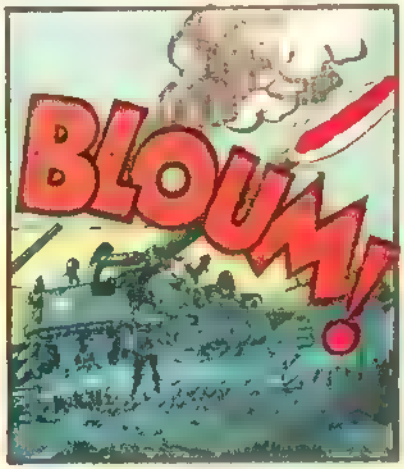


THEN THE MACHINES WENT TO WORK AGAIN! THIS TIME, THE ARTILLERY ROLLED UP... FIRST A *HALF-TRACK!*



THEN A BATTERY OF *105 MM HOWITZERS,* TWO MILES AWAY, *BLASTED AWAY AT THE MOUNTAIN!*

AND FIVE MILES AWAY, THE *155 MM LONG-TOMS SLAMMED HUGE PROJECTILES* INTO THE MOUNTAIN!

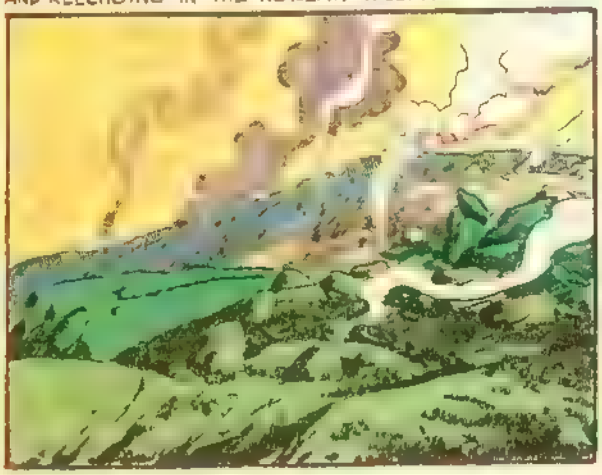


THEY FIRED *AIR-BURSTS*. . SHELLS FUSED TO EXPLODE IN THE AIR SHOWERING DOWN STEEL SPLINTERS!

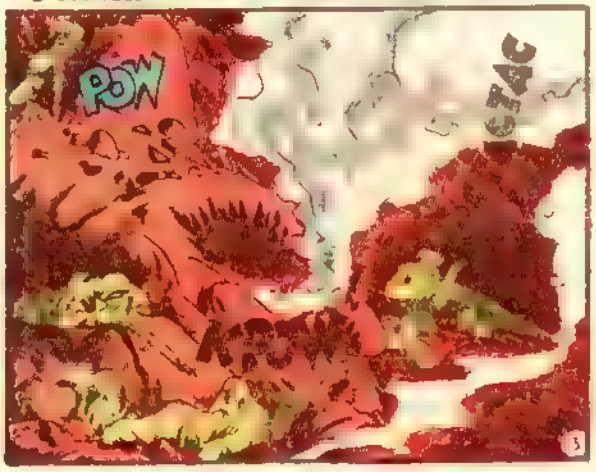
THEY FIRED *HIGH VELOCITY SHELLS* THAT BURIED THEMSELVES IN THE GROUND BEFORE BLOWING UP!

THEY FIRED *PHOSPHOROUS SHELLS* THAT EXPLODED LIKE FIREWORKS SPREADING BURNING PHOSPHOROUS!

AND WHEN THE CANNONADING STOPPED AND THE LAST CRASH OF THE BIG GUNS HAD CEASED ECHOING AND REECHOING IN THE KOREAN HILLS...



. AND WHEN THE PALL OF DUST HAD SETTLED ON THE MOUNTAIN THE MEN AGAIN CRAWLED OUT OF THE SUBCELLARS OF THE CAVES *FIRING THEIR GUNS!*

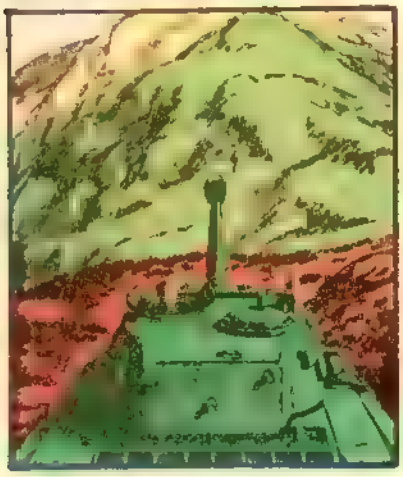


SO THE MACHINES TRIED AGAIN! AND FROM THE SOUTH... SOUNDING LIKE THE ROAR OF 1000 MOTORCYCLES

...*CAME THE TANKS!* LUMBERING ALONG LIKE RHINOCEROSES AT 35 MPH CAME THE *PERSHINGS!*

...CLOSE BEHIND, THE HEAVIER *PATTON M-46 TANKS*... 48 TONS OF MUSCULAR STEEL AND A 75MM CANNON!

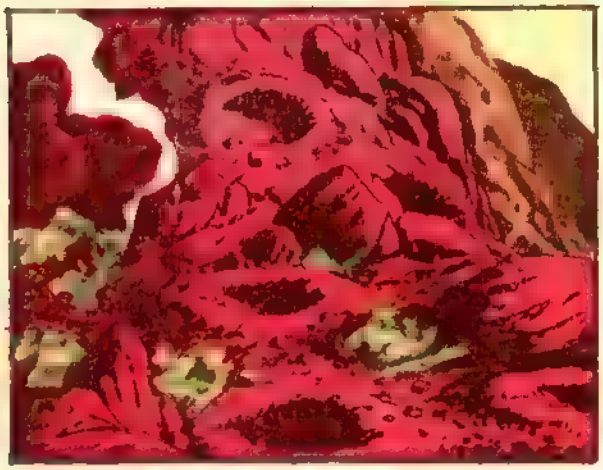
UP FROM THE SOUTH THEY WHEELED BRINGING THEIR CANNON RIGHT UP TO POINT BLANK RANGE AND *THEN*...



.. THEY LET GO WITH EVERYTHING, WHANGING SHELL AFTER SHELL INTO THE MOUNTAINSIDE!

EVEN FIRING WITH THEIR *FIFTY CALIBER MACHINE GUNS* MOUNTED ON THE TOPS OF THE TURRETS!

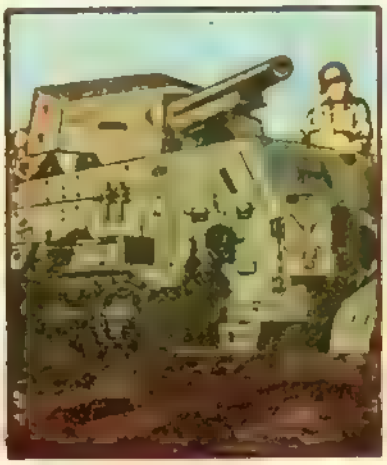
AND WHEN THEIR CANNON HAD QUIETED IT SEEMED AS IF *THIS* TIME *TRULY* DEATH HAD CLAIMED THE MOUNTAIN FOR NOTHING BUT THE GUNSMOKE STIRRED!



YET... DEEP DOWN IN THE DEEPEST SAFETY CHAMBERS, MEN HAD *LIVED*. . *LIVED TO SPRING BACK TO THEIR GUN POSITIONS, LIVED* TO STUBBORNLY *FIGHT ON* AND *ON!*

THE MACHINES HAD FAILED! THE PLANES.. AND WHILE THEY CIRCLED, ANOTHER WEAPON WAS BROUGHT UP!

THE CANNON, THE HALF-TRACKS . ALL LAY IN SILENT RESPECT OF THE FINAL WEAPON PASSING BY!



THE TANKS STOOD QUIET TOO! *WHAT WAS THIS MIGHTY WEAPON FILING INTO THE LINE MIGHTIER THAN THE MACHINES!*

A FATIGUE SHIRT AND PANTS, (HERRING BONE TWILL) A PAIR OF COMBAT BOOTS A HELMET AND HELMET LINER.

. CARTRIDGE BELT FIRST AID KIT CANTEEN COMBAT PACK BANDOLEER, DOG TAGS, AND A LEAN HEALTHY *MAN!*

MARCHING INTO THE LINE TO DO THE FINAL JOB THE OLDEST WEAPON RECORDED IN HISTORY. .THE INFANTRYMAN!

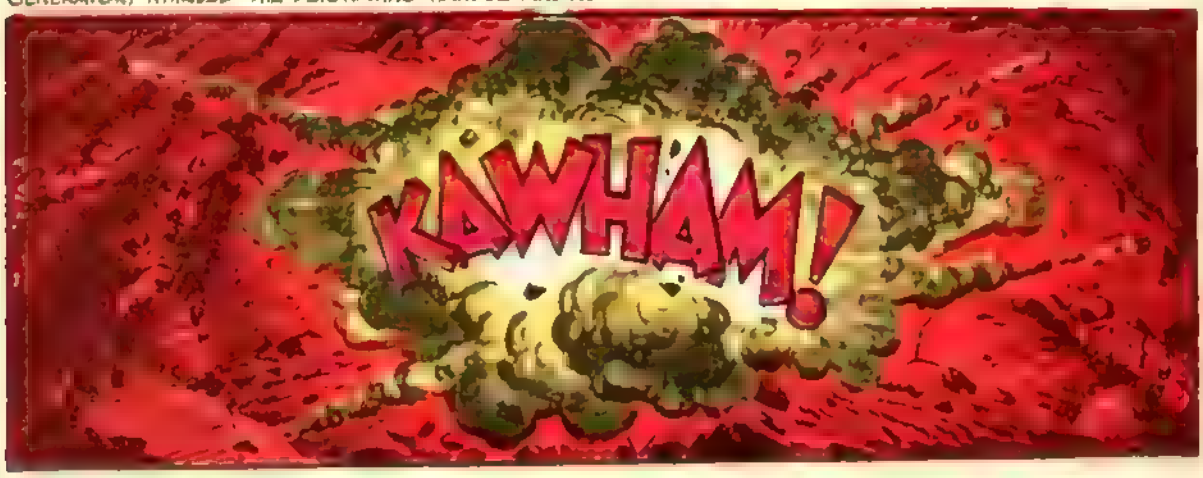
AND HERE'S WHAT HE DID! FIRST HE POURED COVERING RIFLE FIRE INTO THE CAVES!

AND THEN HE BROUGHT UP HIS LIGHT MACHINE GUNS FOR MORE COVERING FIRE!

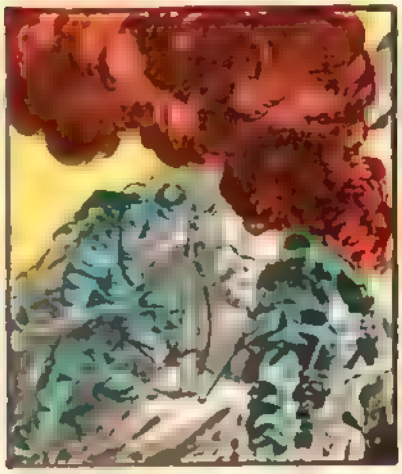
AND THEN HE SNEAKED IN REAL CLOSE WITH A PORTABLE FLAME THROWER!

AND WHEN HE GOT UP TO THE SMOKING MOUTH OF THE CAVE, HE USED *HAND GRENADES!*

FINALLY TO WRAP IT UP DEMOLITION TEAMS APPROACHED THE MOUTHS OF THE CAVES FROM THE SIDES AND TOPS, AND SLUNG WIRED DYNAMITE CHARGES INTO THE CAVES. AND THEN THEY TESTED THE CIRCUIT, WIRED THE GENERATOR, WHIRLED THE DETONATING HANDLE AND...



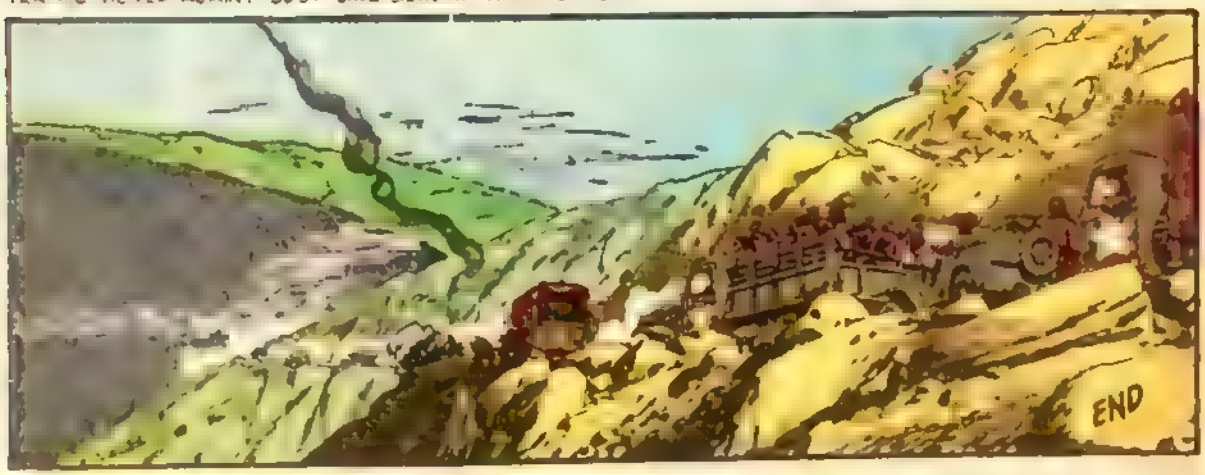
NOW, ONLY THICK YELLOW AND BLACK SMOKE CAME FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE CAVES...



...THE SMOKE BILLOWED AND EDDIED, AND WHEN THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED *THIS* TIME...

...NOBODY CAME OUT OF THE CAVES!

AND SO YOU SEE ALTHOUGH EVERY DAY WE REPLACE THE OLD MACHINES WITH BIGGER AND BETTER MACHINES, WE HAVE YET TO FIND A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE MOST INGENIOUS MECHANISM OF ALL... *MAN!* ON THE ROAD, TRAFFIC MOVED AGAIN. JUST LIKE SUNDAY TRAFFIC... *ONLY* THIS WAS A TRAFFIC OF *WAR MACHINES!*



BEFORE THE TOWN OF X — IN KOREA, A G I SITS THINKING IN FRONT OF A ROW OF AN ENT KOREAN DEVIL POSTS! AND AS IF TO MOCK HIS THOUGHTS, THE DEVIL POSTS GRIN DOWN AT HIM JAGGED WOODEN GRINS FROM EAR TO EAR... AS IF THEY KNOW HE'S THINKING OF THE BIG
BIG 'IF'!
YEAH... IF'... NOT MUCH OF A WORD... A LITTLE WORD! BUT LOTS OF MEANING!
LIKE... IF THOSE DEVIL POSTS HAD ONLY BEEN A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD!
OR... IF THAT SHELL CRATER WAS ONLY A HUNDRED FEET FURTHER AWAY! YEAH

...FUNNY ABOUT THAT SHELL CRATER BY THE DEVIL-POSTS! WHY THERE, BY THE DEVIL POSTS?
CRATER NOT MORE'N THREE FEET DEEP! COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BIGGER THAN AN EIGHTY MILLIMETER SHELL!
AN ODD SHOT TOO! MISSED TARGET BY A MILE! HAD TO LAND HERE! A MILLION CRATERS IN KOREA! AND I KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS ONE!
THAT CRATER WAS MADE HALF AN HOUR AGO. NO... JUST TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES AGO! TWELVE TWENTY-SEVEN TO BE EXACT!
TWELVE TWENTY-SEVEN! IF ONLY IT HAD WAITED TILL TWELVE TWENTY-EIGHT! IF ONLY.../ IF... IF... IF!
YAAAH.. WHAT'S THE USE OF SAYIN 'IF'! THERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IF'S, IF THE OLD MAN HADN'T DECIDED WE SHOULD GO ON RECONNAISSANCE THIS MORNING... AT OH-NINE-HUNDRED!
OH-NINE HUNDRED, MEN! LET'S GET MOVIN'! THEM THAT WANTS TO RIDE ON THE TANKS, HOP ABOARD! THEM THAT WANTS TO WALK, STAY CLOSE TO THE TANKS!
PAUL! PAUL MAYNARD! C'MON! LET'S RIDE ON THE TANK!
IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE DITCH, MAX, BUT... AHH, WHAT THE HECK! MIGHT AS WELL SAVE MY FEET!
2

IF! IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T LISTENED TO MAX! IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HAD STAYED ON THE ROAD! BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! THE TANKS HAD STARTED!
SQUONK!
HMMM! OH-NINE-TWENTY! THAT'S 'KING' COMPANY WE RE PASSING THROUGH! THEY RE THE LAST PERIMETER
YEAH! NOTHIN AHEAD EXCEPT MILES OF ENEMY TERRITORY
KRUMP!
INCOMING OR OUTGOING?
LOOKS LIKE IT WAS MEANT FOR US
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
WHO KNOWS
O.K. YOU EIGHT BALLS! OFFA THE TANK AND INTO THE RICE PADDIES! WE'VE GOTTA DEPLOY TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT!
I WANT A VOLUNTEER TO STAY WITH THE FIFTY CALIBER M.G UP HERE! O.K.! DO I HAVE TO PICK A VOLUNTEER?
IT'S ALL RIGHT! I'LL STAY WITH THE GUN SARGE!
GOOD BOY MAYNARD! LET'S GO, MEN!

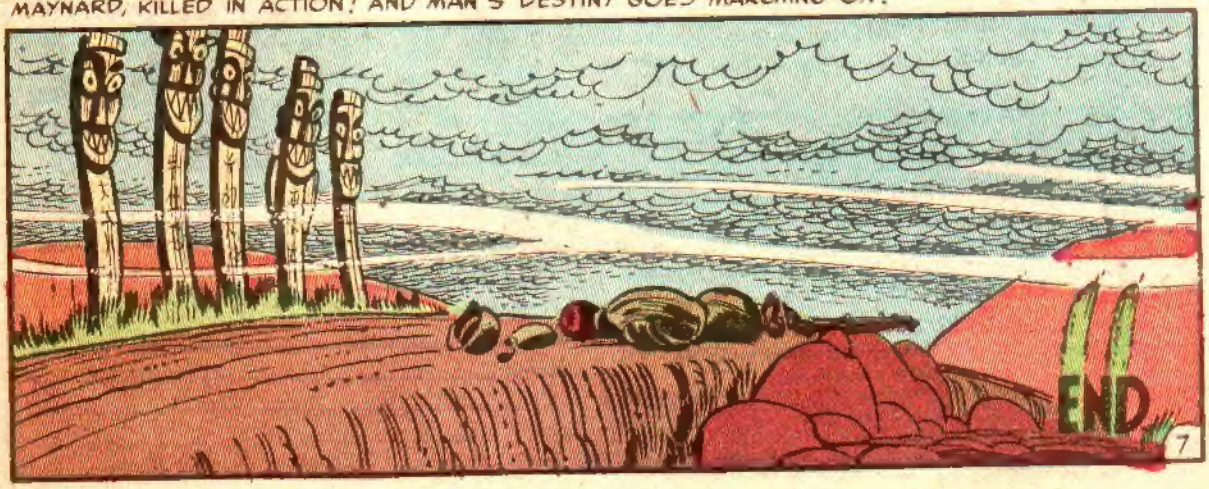
IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T VOLUNTEERED!
BUT PAUL MAYNARD WOULDN'T HAVE VOLUNTEERED IF HE HADN'T BEEN STANDING BY THAT MACHINE GUN!
WHAT AM I DOING UP HERE! I'M SQUAD FAR BEHIND! I SHOULD HAVE HOPPED OFF EARLIER! WHAT TIME IS IT? HMM... ELEVEN FORTY TWO
WONDER HOW THE DODGERS MADE OUT YESTERDAY? HEY...
BLOM!
BLAM!
THOSE SHELLS ARE GETTING TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
BOM!
THAT MACHINE GUN'S GONNA HAVE TO SHOOT BY ITSELF FOR A WHILE!
I'M HEADIN' BACK DOWN THE ROAD WHERE BOYS FROM MY SQUAD ARE! I HATE TO GET SEPARATED FROM THE BOYS!

IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HAD STUCK WITH THE TANK! IF ONLY HE HADN'T GONE DOWN THE ROAD... DOWN A ROAD WHERE FIVE DEVIL POSTS SAT WAITING!
THERE GOES THE AIR-FORCE! P-51'S! SOMEONE'S GONNA GET IT! WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS?
HMM! JUST TWELVE-HUNDRED! THINK I'LL HAVE CHOW AND WATCH THE SHOW!
THEY'RE CIRCLING OVER THE TOWN OUT THERE! PROBABLY GOING TO BLAST THAT ARTILLERY THAT'S BEEN GIVING US TROUBLE!
WISH I HAD TIME TO HEAT THESE C-RATIONS!
THERE THEY GO!
WUMPF!
KRUMPF!
THE PLANES ARE HEADING BACK, AND I'D BETTER DO THE SAME BEFORE THINGS START POPPING AROUND HERE!
LEMME SEE TIME! IT'S AFTER TWELVE! TWELVE-TWENTY! WONDER IF THE OUTFIT'S PULLED BACK!
NO. I CAN STILL SEE 'EM A-WAY DOWN THE ROAD! HEY WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD? KOREAN DEVIL POSTS ON THE ROAD!

IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T STOPPED TO WATCH THE PLANES! IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T STOPPED FOR CHOW! OH GOD... IF...
FUNNY LOOKING DEVIL POSTS! THEY SAY IF YOU OFFER A PRAYER TO THE DEVIL POSTS, YOU'LL WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS! SUPERSTITION IS A FUNNY THING!
THE BUCKLE ON MY COMBAT BOOTS COMING LOOSE! I'LL STOP A MINUTE TO FIX IT!
THERE! THAT DOES IT! SURE WISH WE WERE BACK AT THE BIVOUAC AREA!.. LEMME SEE TIME!
I'D BETTER GET GOING! IT'S TWELVE TWENTY-SEVEN AND I'VE... WHUZZAT...
FRRRRRRRRR
BOOM!
6

IF PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T STOPPED TO BUCKLE THE COMBAT BOOT!.. COULD'VE WALKED FIFTY MORE FEET IN THE TIME IT TOOK TO BUCKLE THAT BOOT!
IF PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T STOPPED TO LOOK AT HIS WATCH!... COULD'VE WALKED TWENTY-FIVE FEET IN TIME IT TOOK TO LOOK AT WATCH!
IF PAUL MAYNARD WALKED FASTER...OR SLOWER...OR DIDN'T WALK AT ALL! OH, LORD...
IT WAS ONLY A STRAY MORTAR SHELL! COULD HAVE LANDED ANYWHERE! IF ONLY THAT SHELL SPLINTER HAD GONE FIVE MORE INCHES TO THE RIGHT...
OR IF PAUL MAYNARD'S HEART HAD ONLY BEEN FIVE MORE INCHES TO THE LEFT...OR IF PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T EVEN BEEN BORN!
IF... IF... IF... (SOB) ...IF ... IF...

BEFORE THE TOWN OF X — IN KOREA, A ROW OF ANCIENT WOODEN DEVIL POSTS GRIN DOWN!...WOODEN GRINS FROM ONE WOODEN EAR TO THE OTHER... GRIN DOWN UPON THE BODY OF PRIVATE PAUL MAYNARD, KILLED IN ACTION! AND MAN'S DESTINY GOES MARCHING ON!



SPECIAL...

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

to Readers of this magazine...

ALL-IN-ONE CIGARETTE LIGHTER and FULL-PACK CASE Personalized with Your Name

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Only $1.98
Your Name Engraved in 23 Karat Gold without Extra Cost

NEW! IMPROVED!

All-in-One Cigarette Lighter and Full-Pack Case gives you a cigarette and a light—BOTH at the same time! Smart, streamlined and modern. This wonderful convenience is compact . . . fits easily in your pocket or purse. No more tobacco crumbs. No more bent or damp cigarettes. Insures lasting freshness. Deep well lighter holds an amazingly large supply of fluid. Built for lifetime service of beautiful mottled plastic. Only lighter case with hinged lid. Opens with a snap of your finger. Your name engraved on case in 23 Karat gold letters. An ideal gift for men or women. Order Now.

MAY I PLEASE HAVE A CIGARETTE, JOHN?
SURE — THEY'RE HERE SOMEPLACE
WHY — THEY'RE ALL BENT!
GOSH, NOW I CAN'T FIND A MATCH!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CASE AND LIGHTER!
MAY I HELP?
HAVE A CIGARETTE AND A LIGHT
HEY! WHERE CAN I GET A COMBINATION CASE AND LIGHTER LIKE THAT?
I'LL GET ONE, TOO. WHAT A MAN!
JUST SEND A COUPON TO H&S SALES IN CHICAGO!

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

SEND NO MONEY
Use 10 Days At Our Risk

Just mail name and address for trial inspection and approval. On arrival deposit $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Use 10 days. If not delighted return for refund of purchase price. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

EXTRA FOR PROMPT ACTION... If you order now, we will engrave any name in 23 Karat gold without extra cost. Order now for yourself or as a gift for someone else.

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Please rush combination cigarette case and lighter. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival. I may return in 10 days for refund of purchase price if not delighted. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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NAME TO BE ENGRAVED _____
(Five Names)

YOU can WIN
This big 15" Silver Trophy as John Sill just did!

YES! John Sill like millions, mailed me 10c and a coupon like the one below YOU MAIL NOW!

"Hey, You SKINNY Bag of Bones!"

That's what the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO...
But look at me NOW, PAL...
A Trophy-Winning JOWETT HE-MAN
Like YOU can be SOON!

AMAZING NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER
All these 5 Picture Packed COURSES on He-Man Building for only 10¢ while supply lasts!

5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER will make YOU an ALL-AROUND WINNER

- A Leader in Civilian Life or Armed Services.
- A Winner of Success in Business, on JOB.
- A Winner of NEW FRIENDS, GIRLS.
- A Winner at ALL SPORTS, CONTESTS.
- A Winner of Medals, Trophies, Money.
- A Hero on the DANCE FLOOR.
- A Hero at the BEACH, IN GYM.
- A Hero to your Sweetheart.
- An Idol and LEADER in any crowd.

This "Easy as Pie" NATURAL Method gives you All-Around CHAMP STRENGTH—All-Over MR. AMERICA BUILD!

MILLIONS have been sold for $1 and more

How to Build MIGHTY ARMS
How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST
How to Build A MIGHTY BACK
How to Build MIGHTY LEGS
How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP
How to BECOME A MUSCULAR HE-MAN

FREE Photo Book How you can Become an All-Around All-American HE-MAN in 10 Thrilling MINUTES A DAY

Let me Prove in 10 THRILLING MINUTES A DAY I can make YOU An ALL-AMERICAN ALL-AROUND HE-MAN

FAST—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT
SAYS GEORGE F. JOWETT—WORLD'S GREATEST BUILDER OF HE-MEN

Let me make YOU A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE

WHAM
DARLING THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN
JOE WALLOPED ANOTHER HOMER! HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!
JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION
JOE'S JOWETT HE-MAN STRENGTH AND BUILD WON HIM THOSE STRIPES

YES! JOHN SILL'S SUCCESS STORY can soon be your own success story. HOW A THIN WEAKLING WINS A TROPHY AS A MAGNIFICENT AMERICAN HE-MAN. A few weeks ago, John was a skinny weakling. Everybody picked on him. He had no punch, no guts to fight for his rights. TODAY everyone admires John's movie-star champion build — his mighty ARMS, his heroic CHEST, his rock-like TORSO, his broad BACK, his military SHOULDERS. His newly-born POPULARITY with fellows. The way GIRLS flock around him. His prowess on the ATHLETIC field. His **double energy** at work.

NO! I don't care how **skinny** or **flabby** you are; if you're 14 or 40; if you're **short** or **tall**, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your own home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or **my Training won't cost you one single solitary cent!**

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

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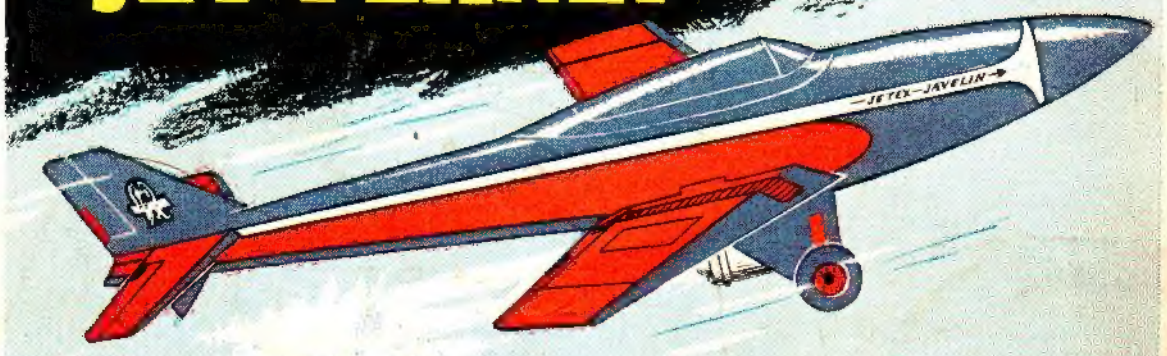

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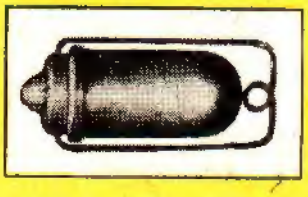

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